

Hard FEMME
Tour
Bike



Hard FEMME
Tour
Bike

Monterey Bay

Sunset St. Beach
Moss Landing St. Beach

Castroville

337
156

San Juan Bautista
Mission San Juan
Bautista

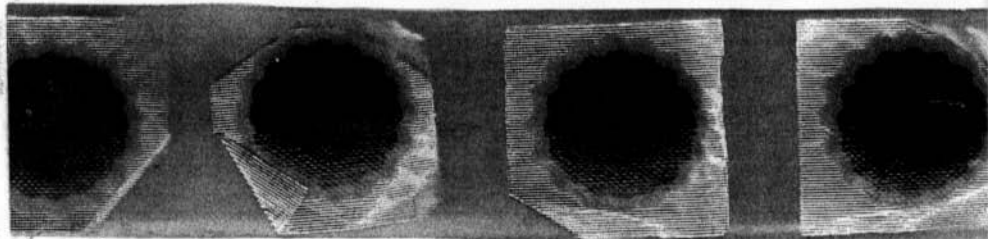
Prunedale

Tres Pinos

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I ride bikes.
NOT
street
harassers.



We are hard femmes—femmes promoting DIY ethics, hard work in hot clothes, critical analysis of our roles in consumer culture, and celebration of the expanding possibilities for femme identities.

We are hard femmes standing in solidarity with fellow femmes—high femmes, tomboy femmes, everyone in between—and all forms of gender expression, demanding gender liberation for every last one of us.

And this is the first issue of our hard femme zine—which we hope will become an ongoing collaborative project with YOU and many others! In this issue, we focus on our hard femme bike tour, a five-day ride we took south of San Francisco. In addition to being toughies on our bikes, having fun in our bodies, and eating lots and lots of yummy food, we talked with each other and others we encountered along the way about gender, femmeness, hard femmeness. Here we share part of those conversations with you...

As well as invite you to join us in future conversations—celebratory and critical—of all things hard femme. So contact us!

hardfemmecore@gmail.com

Elokin & Pamela



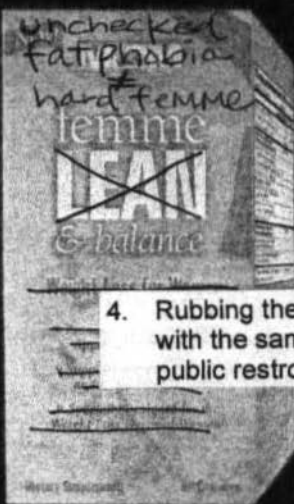
So, what's so hard femme about a bike tour?

1. Rocking a mini-skirt lined with netting, shiny bits dangling from it, over a pair of ass-padded bike spandex shorts.

2. Doing the above nearly non-stop for five days straight while riding more than 200 miles on a turquoise bike with pink leather toe straps.

3. Rubbing homemade herbal salve in the crotch shammy of your spandex shorts, with bike grease caked under your long fingernails and all over your hands.


STRONG IS SEX



4. Rubbing the same salve on your own funky-for-days crotch with the same bike-greasy fingers and nails inside a nasty public restroom.

1420 41st Ave • Cap

5. Feeling slightly proud and tough and such with a new bruise. Or, walking around the Monterey Bay Aquarium oblivious to the fact that your post-wipeout knee is oozing, bloody, goopy.

- 
6. Picking a bunch of organic strawberries, stuffing them into anything you can find, carrying them around on your bike, eating them on the beach, spending the rest of the day with strawberry juice all over your legs.

7. Changing a flat on the side of the road, hoop earrings and rhinestone tiara necklace dangling.

MAX MUSCLE!

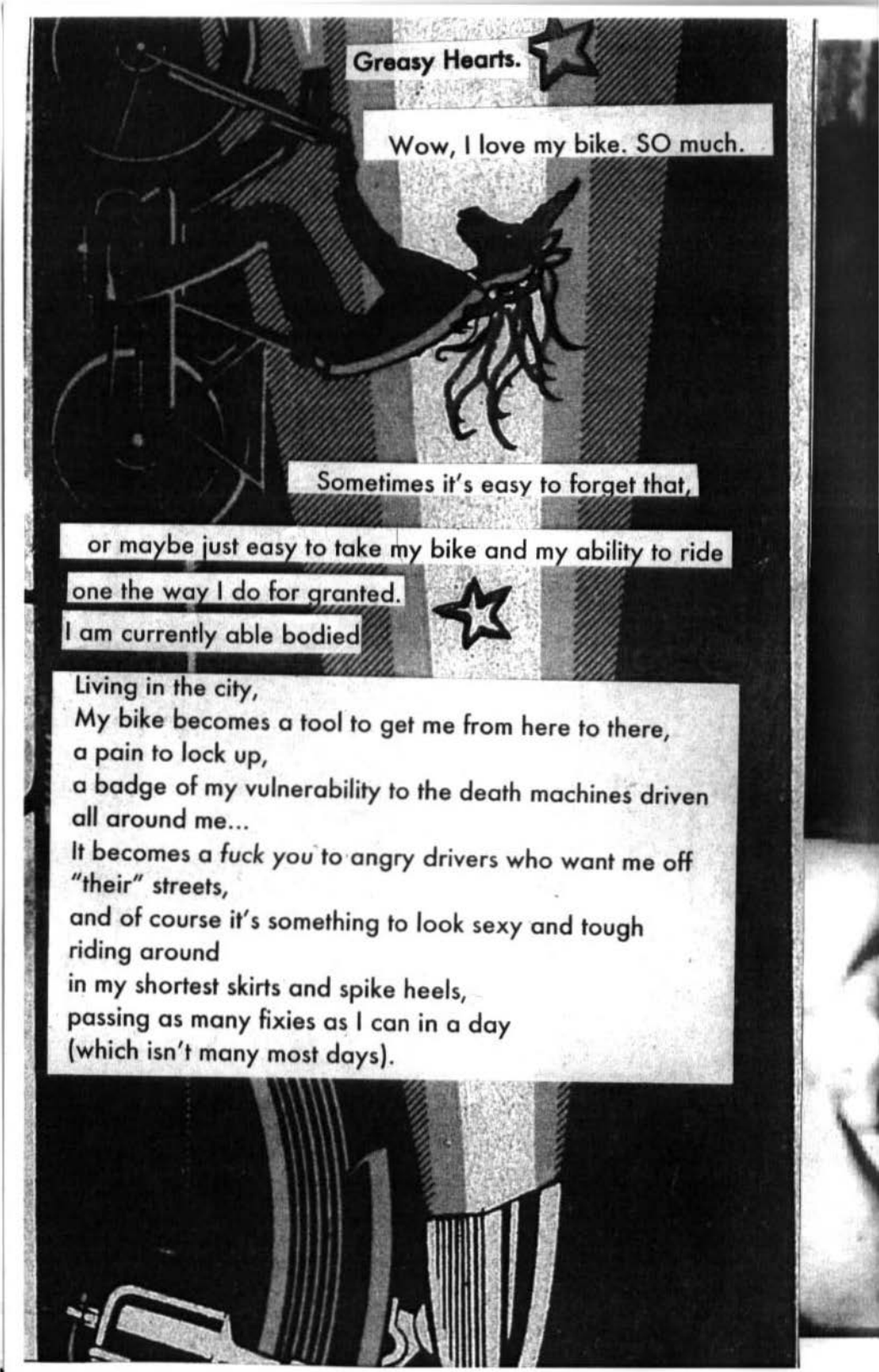
8. Offering your pal chocolate while she does the above.

**Goddesswear
on Sale now!
15-40%**

9. Lifting your loaded bike over a fence up to your shoulders so you can ride the path on the other side.

10. Turning rice noodles purple with cabbage juice. Eating them with carrots, mushrooms, kale, broccoli, onion, and tofu cooked in peanut sauce, all made with just a hot plate at the hostel. Eating so much of them you can barely move after riding all day. Taking pleasure in it.

11. Everything!
- 4



Greasy Hearts.



Wow, I love my bike. SO much.

Sometimes it's easy to forget that,

or maybe just easy to take my bike and my ability to ride
one the way I do for granted.

I am currently able bodied



Living in the city,
My bike becomes a tool to get me from here to there,
a pain to lock up,
a badge of my vulnerability to the death machines driven
all around me...
It becomes a *fuck you* to angry drivers who want me off
"their" streets,
and of course it's something to look sexy and tough
riding around
in my shortest skirts and spike heels,
passing as many fixies as I can in a day
(which isn't many most days).

I've been nervous about this tour- I'm not in shape for long distance riding right now.

I have done a few bike tours in the past, and loved them all.

It is so amazing to take off into the wild world, with home packed up on a bike, fueling your own adventure, body and bike fused for miles of exploring...

I find new parts of me while riding long distance- It's a magical privilege to take time off for rides like these,

I am so grateful.

But really, it's been a while.

Lately I've traded bike rides for long hikes as the gap between the speed of myself and my usual bike tour partner sweetie has grown ever wider.

Still, despite my worry, I know that no matter what it will be rad,

you just can't go wrong with femmes and bikes...

RIDE...

for love,
for resistance,
for fun,
for adventure,
for freedom,
for self-
reliance,
for liberation from oil dependence,
for an end to war + oppression



Hard Femme Lessons by Pamela

I bang the inside of my right knee while climbing over a guardrail on day two of our bike trip. "Shit, I'm so stupid. Why am I always doing shit like that?" is my first thought, habitual and automatic. Then, immediately and just as habitually, I start thinking about how tough I'll look with the new bruise already forming.

This is a common hard femme moment for me: I acquire a new scrape, bruise, or scar via clumsiness or just plain continual rough and tumble-ness. I get down on myself for it, and I feel shame. Then I imagine how tough I'll look, and I feel proud.

BHILL
FOODS

612 OPERATOR# 1

F	F	F	F
2.69	4.18	1.89	4.59

These moments began in girlhood when, as a rural poor and then working-class white girl, I wished—just as I'd been taught to wish—that I could attain a middle class version of white femininity. This brand of femininity appeared to me to be clean, smooth, polished, well-kept. The right skin, in the right condition. The right fingernails, the right clothes, the right hair, all in the right condition. The right products and lifestyle of leisure and daintiness to make it all so. I was always simultaneously ashamed about how I didn't possess any of

'S	Q1	Q1	Q1	Q1
GRAPE NUT MPL/ BR				
DY RICE STICKS				
TOFU PKY SAUSAGE				

those things—even when I tried super hard, which I did most of the time—and yet prideful.

RED CABBAGE	Q1	1.01	F
1.02lb @ 1 lb /	.99		
HORIZON FF YGT	Q1	1.00	F
1 @ 10 /	10.00		
Regular Pric	.29		
ODWALLA BAR		1.59	F
HORIZON FF YG		1.00	F
1 @ 10 /			
Regular Pric	.29		
CHOCO CHRRS &		2.79	F
ATHENOS HUMMUS		2.99	F
J SCHMIDT TRUFF		1.69	F
SPRITE		1.49	TF
CRV SINGL SODA		.05	tf
CORN WHITE		.50	F
1 @ 2 /			
Regular Pric	.29		
CORN WHITE		.50	F
1 @ 2 /			
Regular Pric	.19		
SUB		30.75	
TAX		.11	
TOT		30.86	

I was proud of the outfits I patched together with the help of hand-me-downs from the church people and the cousins who'd moved away, babysitting funds, discount store clearance racks, and my mom's sewing skills, which I would eventually need to beg her to put to use, once she'd stopped mending for the neighbors for grocery money and started coming home too tired after working long waitressing and then customer service shifts.

I was proud of how tough I was. Proud of the adventures I went on—bike riding and collecting cans to return, fishing for crayfish and finding clam shells in the creek, climbing trees, digging up bones that I was sure amounted to new archeological discovery. And proud of the work I did—picking rocks or hauling wood because my dad made me, or sweeping my mom's boss's business parking lot because I wanted to, calculating the entire time how much money I would make, how long it would take to save enough to buy new eye shadow, shampoo, or underwear.

ATHENOS HUMMUS Q1
J SCHMIDT TRUFFLE Q1
SPRITE Q1

And I was proud of the scrapes, the bruises, the scars. I knew they meant I was strong—clumsy, yes, but also scrappy, tough, unrelenting: unwilling to stop playing or fighting, unwilling to give up. Most days I knew they meant that my ass could and would survive whatever I had to, and that, at the end of the day, I'd still want to play with my clothes, my looks, my girlness.

Nowadays, as my class location becomes more and more middle class all the time, the hardest "work" sometimes seems to be learning that I don't have to be tough and busting my ass all the time. Learning that I can bike for five days straight, eat well and sleep safely the entire time, only to return home to more time off before starting a new teaching job where the most intense physical labor is at a laptop—which I own, even if by student loan—or during my bike commute—with that biking being by choice and not economic necessity. Learning that I do deserve to have time for fun and—even more difficult to learn—for rest.

I am also starting to learn that, while this new class privilege, like the white privilege I have always possessed, comes with great responsibility, it need not come with all-consuming guilt. And I'm still learning, all the time and over and over again, that I can be proud of my scrapes, my bruises, and even my scars.

Fair Trade coffee is the start of the day for any bike tour.
I don't drink it much, but I know it'll get me goin'

This morning there was some repacking n' snacking to be done,

and after wedging that one last cute shirt into our overly stuffed panniers, we still managed to roll out of town at the standard "one hour behind schedule" time.

It was chilly, as usual in this temperamental city.
Still, no amount of wind could dampen our spirits,
giddy with the adventure that lay stretched out before us,
miles of asphalt to go.

We made at least four stops to layer, de-layer, and layer

enjoying the many microclimates

out of the Mission, through the Panhandle, coasting
along Golden Gate Park, eventually spilling out on the
Coast Highway

I was feelin' all strong and tough as we rode in to
Pacifica,

past cute little gardens,
and an obscene amount of golf courses.

We rolled along lovely bike paths which bordered
streams,
ocean,
hills,
and cars, endless cars...

After winding our way up and coasting our way down a
fun section of bike path,
we steeled our nerves for Devil's Slide.

It's a scary few miles of climbing that has earned its name well, with no shoulder or visibility for bikes, just like all the books and bike maps caution.

Still, it was our best way to get from A to B quickly, and we did pedal out alive, unhurt. The big payoff was looking back on an amazing view of the coastline from way high up- total radness.

The day was such a thrill of getting the feel again for constant motion, a comfortable rhythm of heartbeat in time with legs, pumping and spinning, powering ourselves along on this adventure with the spin of sexy wheels, the gentle whir of chain over gears- my body and this gorgeous machine in synch, working together towards an amazing journey of rediscovering strength, fun, and pure silliness... yow.

It was not all la-dee-dah though, at least for me.

towards the end I found myself wondering how much further we had, counting up miles in my head.

As usual, when I get all grouchy and sore, feelin' my limit, we suddenly arrived.

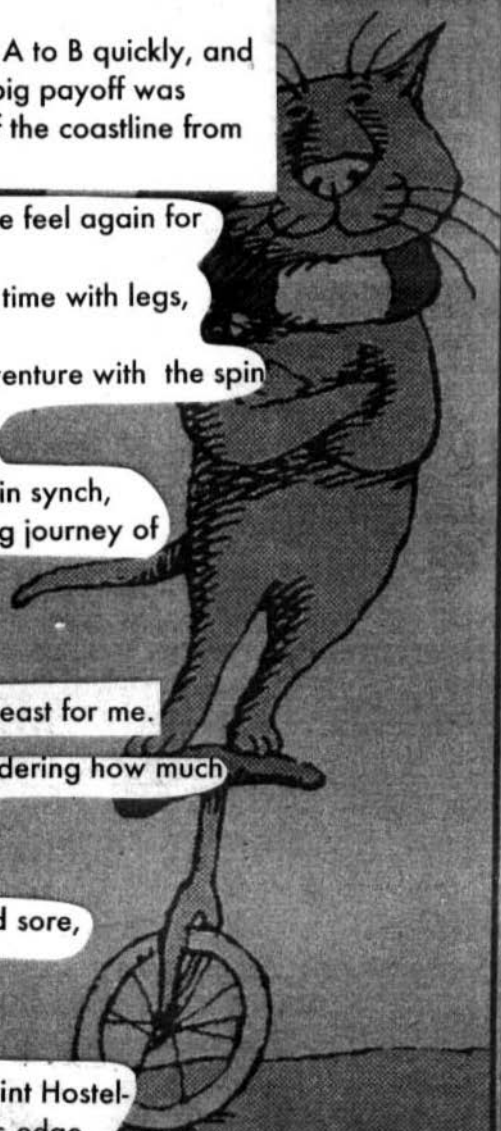
a sparkly finish line, which in this case was the Pigeon Point Hostel- a gorgeous spot right on the ocean's edge, with a much anticipated hot tub!

Day 2

Pigeon Point Hostel to Santa Cruz

The second day was a breeze.

We tumbled out of Pigeon Point with smiles on our faces, riding all easy and side by side when we could.



As we rode we talked polyamory or lack thereof,
slut pride (though I haven't been an active slut for many
years),
and classism in queer community-
that shit is not talked about enough,
and is kinda hidden, in my experience of the majority of
queer space I've seen and been part of...
what's up with that?

As a person of enormous privilege
I try to figure out ways of incorporating recognizing class
and privilege in all spaces,
all relationships.

Not all the time though, I avoid it too for sure.
It ain't easy, it's awkward, hard, damaging at times.
But absolutely necessary, in my opinion,
towards using privilege as a tool for social justice and
building cross class solidarity.

Swanton Berry's U-pick rocked my little bike socks off.

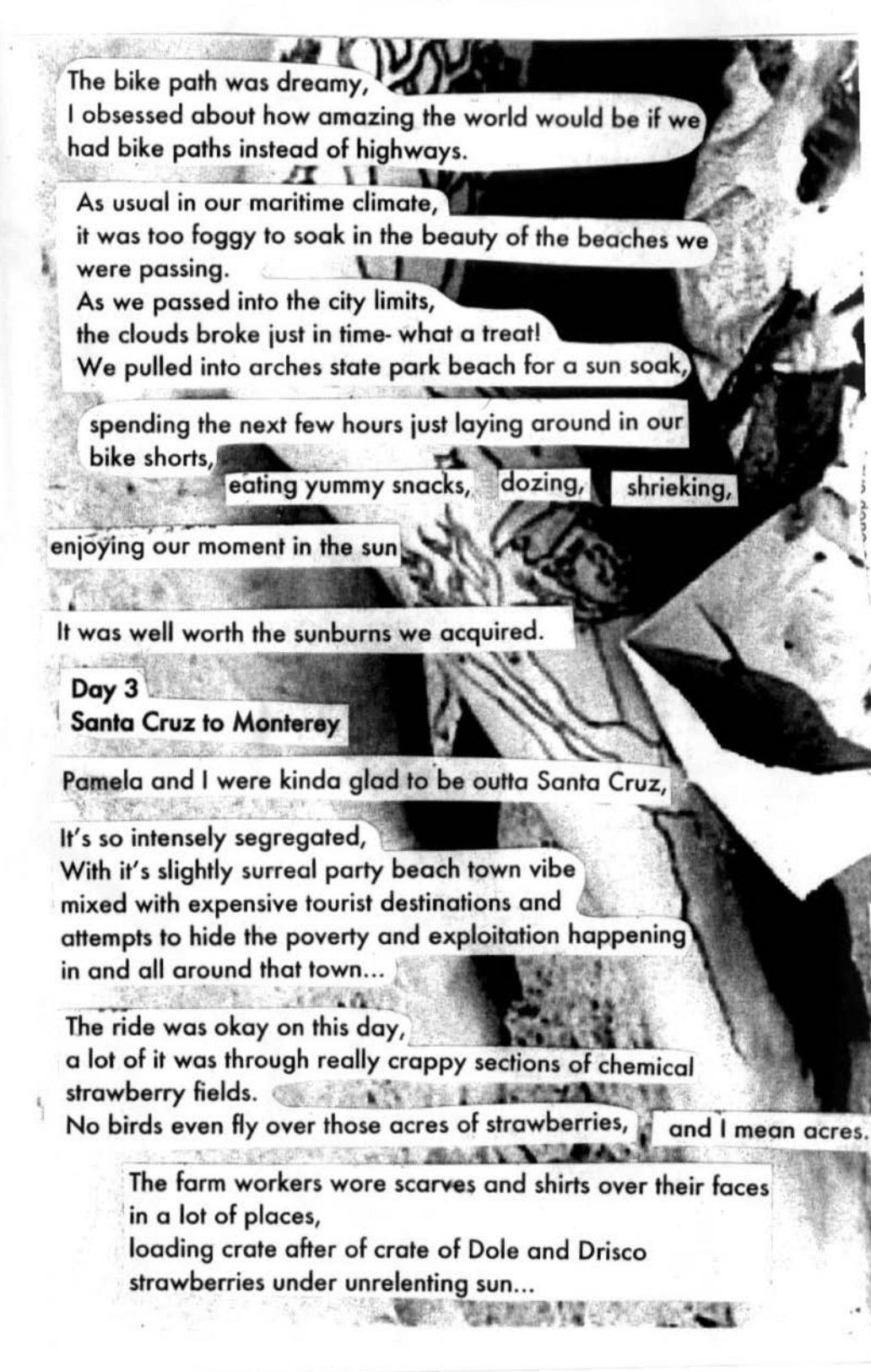
They give a 10% discount to bikers, many hearts for that.
Pamela sat at the picnic tables and journaled in the cold
coastal fog
while I skipped around filling up a whole 3 pack of
strawberries.

They also had cups of delicious strawberry apple cider to
warm my small hands around,
and Pamela got two chocolate covered strawberries and
organic coffee with soy milk.

Hard Femmes like to eat. And these femmes eat a lot.

Biking our way into the city limits,
we found a cute bike path along the road
where we had a hard femme moment of lifting our
loaded bikes
over a four foot high fence.

Yup, we're tough and dirty, that's right!
We are also really sweaty and smell bad,
in a very good way.



The bike path was dreamy,
I obsessed about how amazing the world would be if we
had bike paths instead of highways.

As usual in our maritime climate,
it was too foggy to soak in the beauty of the beaches we
were passing.

As we passed into the city limits,
the clouds broke just in time- what a treat!

We pulled into arches state park beach for a sun soak,

spending the next few hours just laying around in our
bike shorts,

eating yummy snacks, dozing, shrieking,

enjoying our moment in the sun

It was well worth the sunburns we acquired.

Day 3

Santa Cruz to Monterey

Pamela and I were kinda glad to be outta Santa Cruz,

It's so intensely segregated,

With it's slightly surreal party beach town vibe
mixed with expensive tourist destinations and
attempts to hide the poverty and exploitation happening
in and all around that town...

The ride was okay on this day,

a lot of it was through really crappy sections of chemical
strawberry fields.

No birds even fly over those acres of strawberries, and I mean acres.

The farm workers wore scarves and shirts over their faces
in a lot of places,
loading crate after of crate of Dole and Drisco
strawberries under unrelenting sun...

My heart was in my stomach,
bearing witness to what is truly the horror of agribusiness
in its human,
environmental,
and cultural impact.

My shame was permeating through skin and sweat,
knowing my participation in this system of exploitation,
my part as a consumer...

we did find a sparkle among the ruthless amounts of
chemical fields-

a tiny sign led us to the tucked away gem
of an honor system farm stand
and a bright purple porta potty all in one.

I gave myself a tour of their little native plant garden,
cob oven, goats and ponies, fields of raspberry.
a super charming acre or two of no-spray.

I was all chatty and giddy

as we wound our way through sand dune bike trails into
Monterey

† had an unfortunate accident while attempting to get out
of the way

for a spandex bike racer wanna be who came barreling
towards me down the bike path

i wiped out completely when I got caught on Pamela's
panniers.

My knee was shredded,

and the spandex jerk couldn't even slow down for a
millisecond

to pretend he cared if I was alright.

Monterey Bay Aquarium made up for the experience
though,

especially with the rock fish,

otters,

jellies,

and sea dragons.

Aquarium Review:

I gotta admit, I love the shit out of the Monterey Bay Aquarium. I see how it's fucked up to encage animals, everyone in these looks pretty cramped, some tanks more than others. And I am not a fan of the pick-up-and-touch stations for kids. That does not seem okay. But there is something so magical about getting to see the creatures of the sea and other water environments, up close. They have good educational exhibits, though their "take action" for the oceans section is a bit tucked away from public use. And they do have rescued animals

there, so I try not to be too judgmental, especially when I enjoy going there so much.



Day 4

Monterey to Big Basin

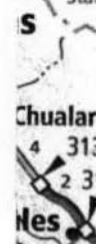
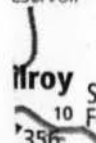
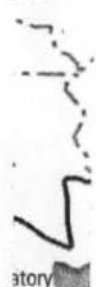
Sometimes taking the bus is awesome.
Since we were backtracking anyway,
we decided to just go back along the fun bike trails
and take the bus through the kinda crappy parts,
so we didn't have to repeat them.
A brilliant idea.

Back in Santa Cruz,
We stopped at Perkolacy's for some caffeine
to help us up the mountains on our way into destination
Big Basin Tent Cabins.

The ride out was magical,
narrow and semi-quiet roads through redwoods,
we were completely enveloped by huge trees.
Yes! Forest at last.

On the way up the steady climb to Big Basin,
Some trucks passed us with not so subtle
White supremacist stickers in their back windows.

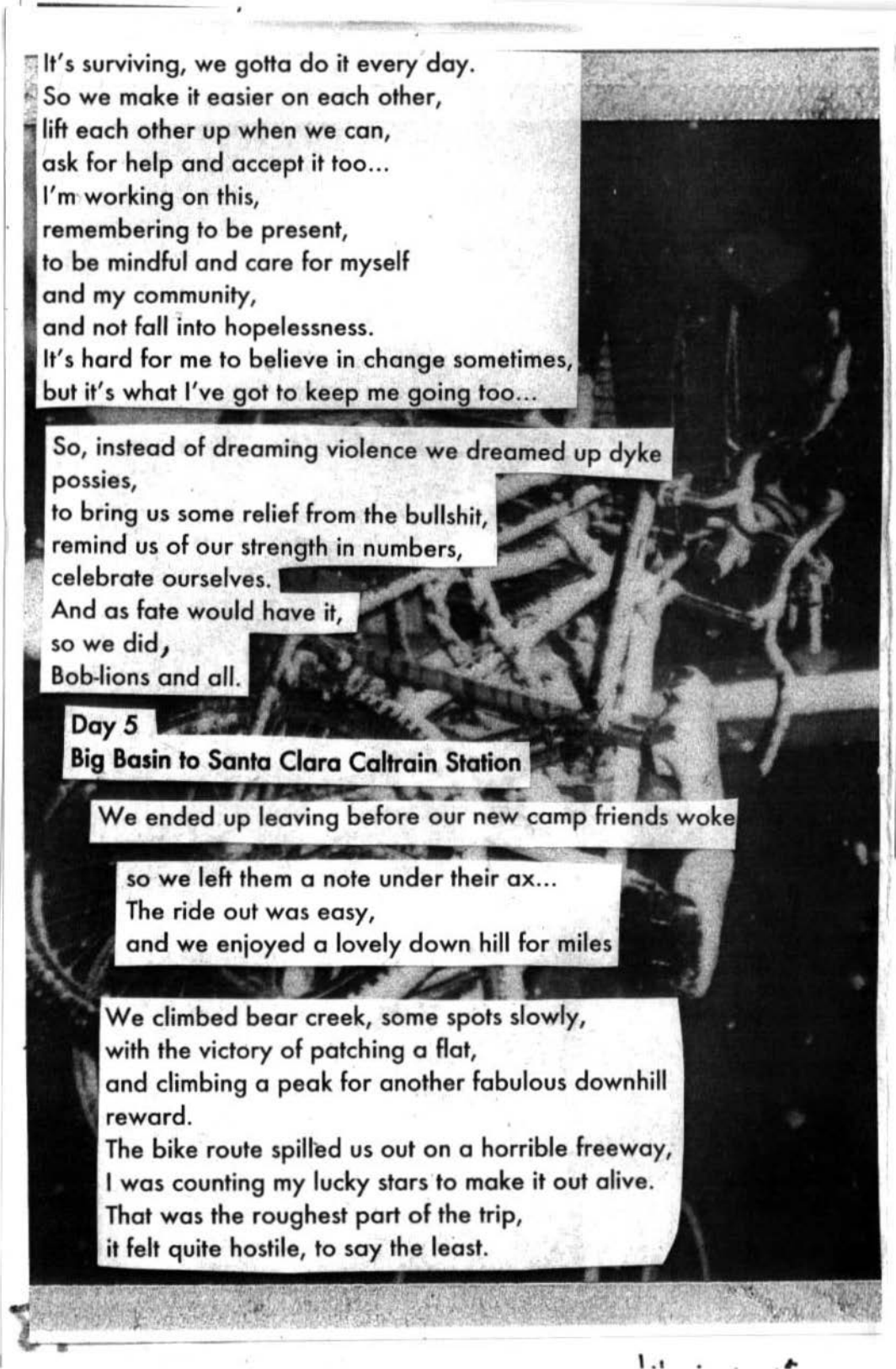
It's fucked to get the reminder,
so often,
that we are not safe.
Not as women,
not as queer folks,
not as folks of color.
There is so much hate out there.
We gotta protect our community,
Create safety in our strength and commitment
to help each other out,
to always stand by,
Pulling ourselves through the easy lure
of apathy and resentment.





We
ride
bikes!





It's surviving, we gotta do it every day.
So we make it easier on each other,
lift each other up when we can,
ask for help and accept it too...
I'm working on this,
remembering to be present,
to be mindful and care for myself
and my community,
and not fall into hopelessness.
It's hard for me to believe in change sometimes,
but it's what I've got to keep me going too...

So, instead of dreaming violence we dreamed up dyke
possies,
to bring us some relief from the bullshit,
remind us of our strength in numbers,
celebrate ourselves.
And as fate would have it,
so we did,
Bob-lions and all.

Day 5

Big Basin to Santa Clara Caltrain Station

We ended up leaving before our new camp friends woke

so we left them a note under their ax...
The ride out was easy,
and we enjoyed a lovely down hill for miles

We climbed bear creek, some spots slowly,
with the victory of patching a flat,
and climbing a peak for another fabulous downhill
reward.

The bike route spilled us out on a horrible freeway,
I was counting my lucky stars to make it out alive.
That was the roughest part of the trip,
it felt quite hostile, to say the least.

Eventually we made it through the confusing sprawl of south san francisco

We rode for miles along an awesome bike path, happy to be headed home, despite the fun we got to have.

There were new adventures to be made back in the city,

returning to loves,

fucks,

teaching summer programs a and more biking with more friends.

The path led us right to the caltrain, but we couldn't quite figure out where the station was, as I had lost the map and all.

We were wandering

and eventually were getting' all bent out of shape and confused.

Then the call of the queer got me-

I made an instinctual turn and pulled up in front of a tire

shop.

Like a moth pulled to flame,
I found two adorable dykes,
Bein' all sweet on each other during work
Too cute!

We got to talking and fit in enough time for a mini interview and pictures with them before making it to the caltrain station that was just around the corner just in the nick of time!

Home!

THE END. FOR NOW...

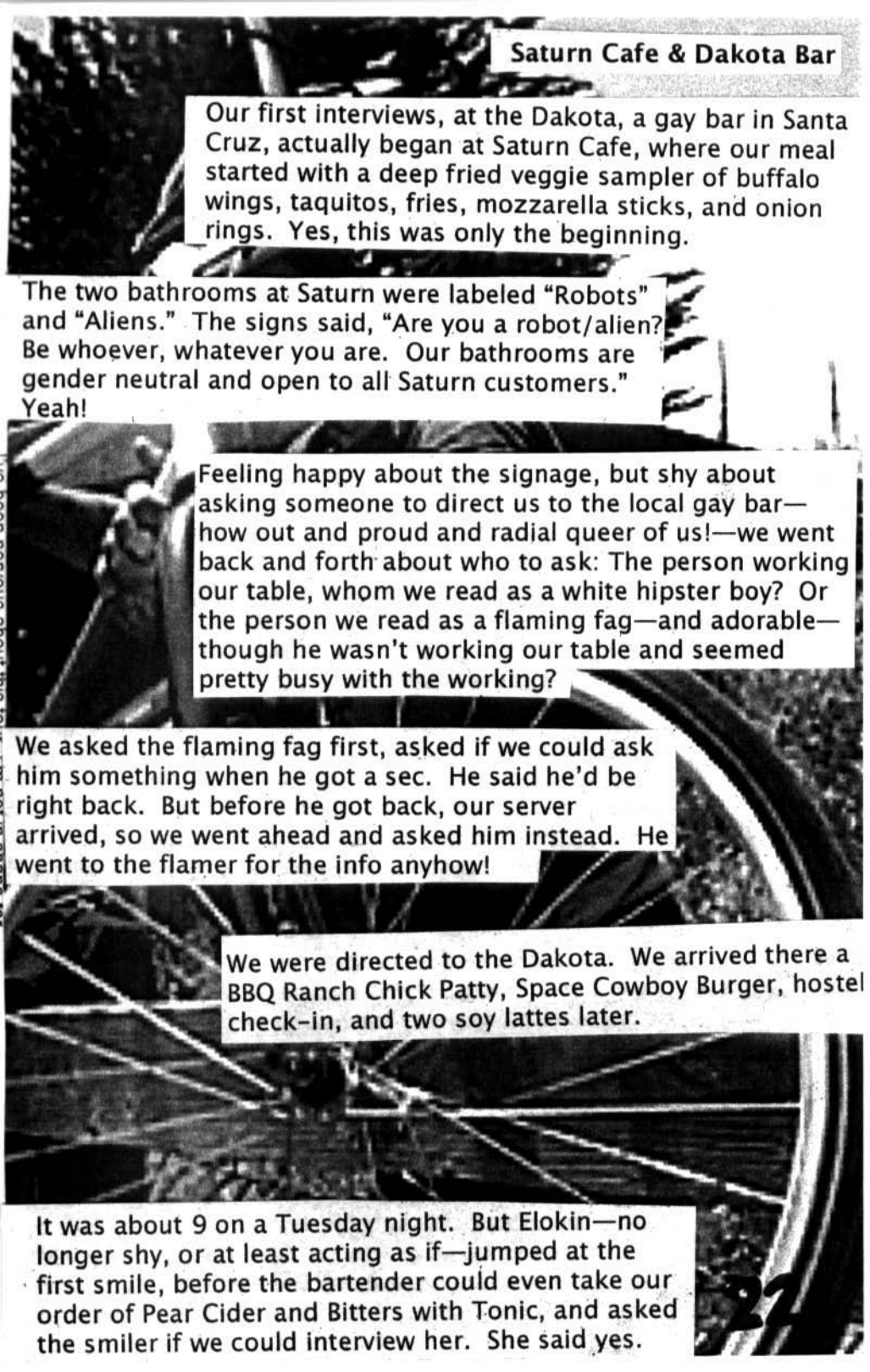
So, one challenge and joy of our hard femme bike tour was seeking out queers to interview about gender and femme, including hard femme, identities.

We conducted these interviews in a bar, on the side of the street, and at a campground. If we dare even use the word "methodology" here, it is only to say that our approach was loose, inconsistent, and totally biased, including because of where we rode, who we are, and how we felt on any given day of the trip. Our sample might be called random, but is in no way representative.

That said, we did come up with some interview questions while sitting in the sun on a beach in Santa Cruz, Elokín eating strawberries and Pamela eating spicy corn nuts and a cheese stick. We didn't necessarily ask these questions in every single interview, but we did ask them some, and they certainly guided our conversations to varying degrees.



- What comes to your mind when you hear the word "femme"?
- What comes to mind when you hear the word "hard femme"?
- How do you identify your own gender? What does that term mean to you?
- Do you identify as femme? Why or why not?
- What is your relationship to femmes?
- Are you interested in being included in this zine? In contributing to future zines?
- Is there anything else you'd like to share with readers of our zine?



Saturn Cafe & Dakota Bar

Our first interviews, at the Dakota, a gay bar in Santa Cruz, actually began at Saturn Cafe, where our meal started with a deep fried veggie sampler of buffalo wings, taquitos, fries, mozzarella sticks, and onion rings. Yes, this was only the beginning.

The two bathrooms at Saturn were labeled "Robots" and "Aliens." The signs said, "Are you a robot/alien? Be whoever, whatever you are. Our bathrooms are gender neutral and open to all Saturn customers." Yeah!

Feeling happy about the signage, but shy about asking someone to direct us to the local gay bar—how out and proud and radial queer of us!—we went back and forth about who to ask: The person working our table, whom we read as a white hipster boy? Or the person we read as a flaming fag—and adorable—though he wasn't working our table and seemed pretty busy with the working?

We asked the flaming fag first, asked if we could ask him something when he got a sec. He said he'd be right back. But before he got back, our server arrived, so we went ahead and asked him instead. He went to the flamer for the info anyhow!

We were directed to the Dakota. We arrived there a BBQ Ranch Chick Patty, Space Cowboy Burger, hostel check-in, and two soy lattes later.

It was about 9 on a Tuesday night. But Elokin—no longer shy, or at least acting as if—jumped at the first smile, before the bartender could even take our order of Pear Cider and Bitters with Tonic, and asked the smiler if we could interview her. She said yes.

Annie, the Icelandic Horse Rider, living in Watsonville

Annie was our first interview, we met her at the Dakota, in Santa Cruz. She and Elokin hit it off immediately, bonding fast over pony love. She is incredibly adventurous, as she revealed through the course of our interview. Much admiration and respect for all her talents and passions.

What comes to mind when you hear the word Femme?

I think of girly girls, Paris Hilton type kinda girls. Girls who don't wanna get dirty, are superficial.

What's your gender identity?

I'm newly bi, just now coming out. I've been interested in women for a long time but never really did anything about it, so it's kinda new to me.

What comes to mind when you hear "Hard Femme"?

Hardcore rock chick!

What is your relationship to femmes?

I have a hard time getting along with femmes. One woman I work with though, she's super cool, everyone calls her the Diva. She's not afraid to get dirty, she's a dog groomer. She's got so much hairspray in her hair it doesn't move, but she still gets in there, washing the dogs.

It's hard for me to get along with femmes because I don't like superficial people. I'm very active you know, I ride horses, ride a motorcycle, I'm learning to ride mountain unicycles*. I'm not afraid to get sweaty, get dirty. Then I can go home and get cleaned up and look really nice and go out. A lot of really feminine girls are just like, "eeew, why do you play in the dirt?" and I don't have very much in common with them.

Is there anything you wanna say to folks reading this?

Work hard and play harder! My motto, I live by that motto.

When we explained our definition of hard femme, Annie asked, "Would I be classified as hard femme? I kinda like that!" Hecks yeah! Mountain unicycling? She's a Hard Femme indeed!



The duo

While our notebook, pen, tape recorder, and relatively sober selves did not get more "interview me!" vibes in the Dakota, we couldn't leave with only one interview, especially since we didn't know how easily we'd find more queers at the rest of our bike trip destinations. So, Pamela approached a not-so-sober group at the bar, and two brave and friendly souls agreed to be interviewed if they could do it together and not be taped. Of course!

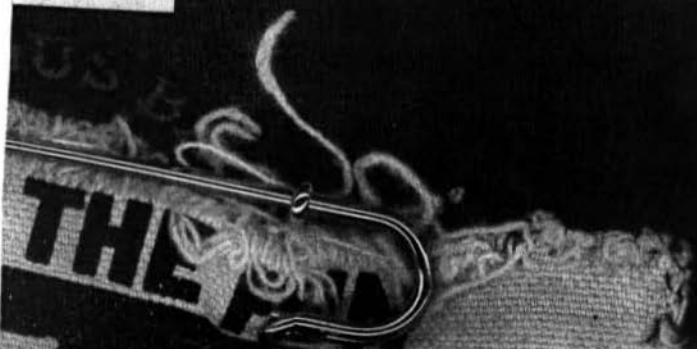
The duo is comprised of Heather and her friend who prefers to remain nameless, so whom we shall call Friend.

Part of what was most interesting about the conversation with the duo was their associations with "hard femme." While they hadn't heard the term "hard femme" before, Heather explained that it made her think of a femme with a different sort of personality, one "stronger," more "dominating" and "domineering." She also thought a hard femme might wear "darker make up," makeup that is "maybe not so glittery, glamorous, but more intense," but she emphasized again that she thought hard femme had more to do with personality.

in my shortest skirts and spike heels,
passing as many fixies as I can in a day

PUT
BETV
YOUR

Also interesting was that both Heather and Friend described discomfort with others making assumptions about them based on their perceived genders.



Heather described her own gender as "androgynous," as a 5 or 6 on a femme to butch scale. As she put it, she looks more butch—has "short hair, wouldn't wear dresses or makeup"—but has some femme tendencies, including "fluidity in body movements." Heather explained that femmes are attracted to her, more so than people who are androgynous or butch, and she gets along well with femmes because of "good emotional connection and comfort." She noted she's in "an odd situation," though, when she's attracted to people who are on the more butch side of the continuum. Then she feels "weird," because she "do[es]n't know where they put [her]."

Friend identified herself as "femme and butch," as "in the middle," as "not femme or butch," as "both." She said she wears lipstick, and she "will do everything, including turn you over." Yet, contrary to her own gender identification, Friend said that people often assume she is femme simply because of her physical appearance. She also lamented that she experiences femmes as being "mean" to her because of what she believes is "a competitive thing."

The BobLion

Our final interviews took place around a campfire—not the one we (okay, Elokin) had built, which had gone out some time before—and it was here that one of our new acquaintances coined the term “BobLion.” BobLion captures the major theme of our entire trip. What does BobLion mean? We will tell that story, but first: the story of how we manifested a group of dykes to camp next to us on our last night of the hard femme bike tour.



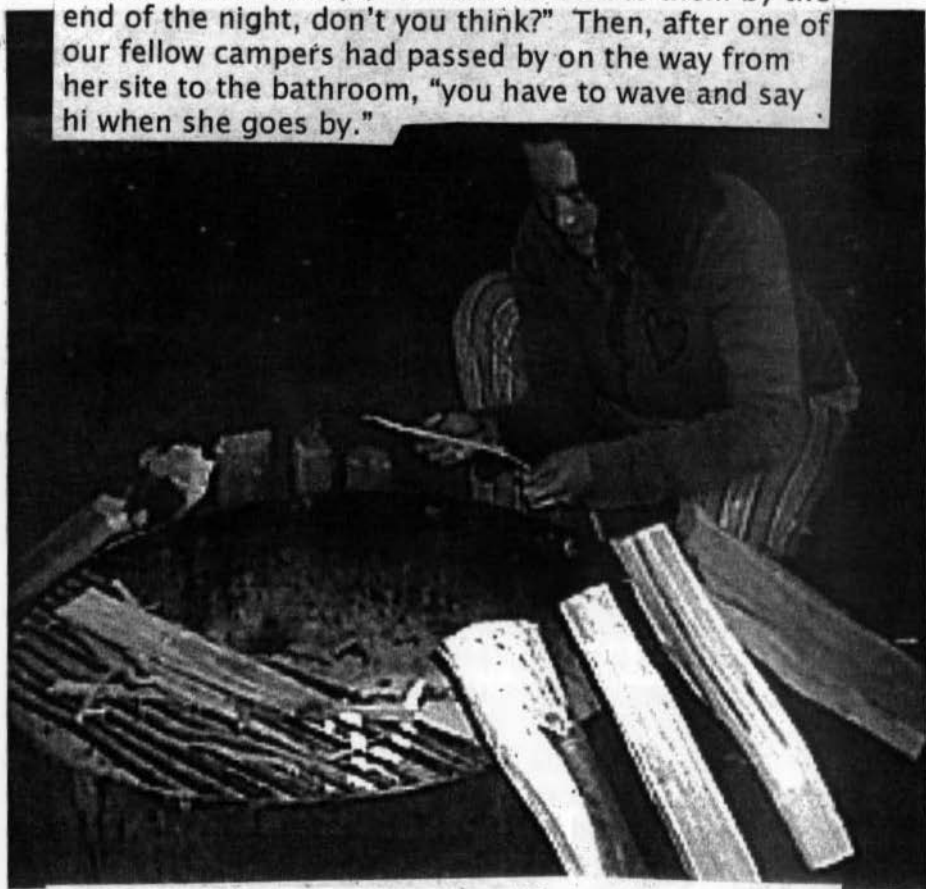
Riding up hill and into Big Basin on the fourth day of our trip, we were sick and tired of encountering men behaving badly—we resist the urge to rant about that, though we could fill pages. We had lost a water bottle cage that suddenly and surprisingly fell apart, then losing a Klean Kanteen to the street, to be promptly and irreversibly smashed by an automobile. And we had lost our map. Yes, our map. Needless to say, we needed some queers.

We decided that we would meet some when we got to the campground. Better yet, that we would intentionally manifest a group of dykes, who would be camping in the spot right next to us.

And they appeared!

We eyed them right away, doing a laydar conversation full of gendered assumptions, the sort that only seem okay at all when made by queers just trying to find some other queers.

While Elokin made a fire, on which we cooked Tofurkey dogs and corn on the cob for dinner, she joked about using Pamela as "dyke bait." "Dude," Elokin said to Pamela, "we have to talk to them by the end of the night, don't you think?" Then, after one of our fellow campers had passed by on the way from her site to the bathroom, "you have to wave and say hi when she goes by."



We did strike up conversation when one camper was at the waterspout near our site, conversation that we overanalyzed for further queer clues. Then, after our dinner fire had died, and we realized we only had too large of chunks of wood left to make a nighttime fire, we did what any self-respecting femmes would do.



We decided to ask our friends for help (oh, we forgot to mention, they had been chopping wood with quite a flare). After all, we certainly weren't carrying an ax with us on our bikes, and this way, we'd have the perfect excuse to strike up a conversation, to work some femme magic in order to make some new friends.



It worked. They offered to chop our wood for us, we accepted, and pretty soon we were all chatting around their campfire, eating smores.



Once Elokin and Pamela's hard femme bike tour came up, gender became the topic of conversation. All three of our new friends seemed to lament the ways existing gender categories don't capture all of who they are, the ways people make assumptions based on gender. Camper 1, the short-haired one wearing an "Olivia" sweatshirt, talked about how she's into woodworking, but also into sewing (she



later gave us some neck coolers she'd sewn!), and how others seem to have a hard time with her having both interests at the same time. Camper 2, the woodchopper, exclaimed, "they think they've got you pegged already!" She then described how she likes to lift weights and wear lacy camisoles. Camper 3, the tennis coach and PE teacher...need we say more?

Stay Cool As A Breeze

...all day long

Refreshing, Reusable,
Water-Activated, Cool Gel
Neck or Head Wraps!

Later, in some sort of conversation about wild animals that does not itself warrant memory, Camper 1 said "BobLion" when she probably meant to say "bobcat." We all laughed. Someone said, "it's a new species." Someone else exclaimed, "like hard femme!" Camper 2 rallied, "I'm hard femme! High five!" And she got her high five.

We totally manifested that shit hard core. Femme hard core!

Bob Lion

More Fantastic Manifesting!



The last day of our trip we are riding in Santa Clara, lost without our map, and trying to find Caltrain. We've asked for directions multiple times.



Then Elokins spots Shawn and Nicole, who graciously help us find the train station. Thank You!

Nicole

* a classification of a femme in my mind, is someone who lives beyond the label, I am a girly girl yet strong at the same time. Yes I love doing all types of things yet find labels are just funny to me, I am who I am.

Ticket

\$1 \$2 \$3 \$4 \$5 \$6 until:

Shawn

* Nothing is sexier than a femme that knows how to take control, be on top of her game, stay on her grind and have time to love me.

PACKING LIST

THE WARDROBE

Bike shorts- Okay, so they are super dorky, but paired with a cute skirt, they become instantly awesome! And they save your ass some major pain, so I recommend 'em. Lotsa folks wear them without underwear to save the potential chafe, I do both. Really, they can be very helpful, let your guard down to spandex.

Sunglasses- I mostly wear this as a protective barrier to the debris that flies up as cars pass, they have saved my eyes many a time from bits of loose airblown asphalt and such. get a rockin' pair if you hate wearing them, like I do.

Gloves- These really help pad your little palms, which get tired after a long day. Gloves also protect your hands from getting shredded if you go down like I have on a few wipeouts, and can look tough. I also have a lotta wrist pain, and found that the gloves with padding helped with that a bit.

SELF CARE KIT

Sunscreen/block

You have no idea how burned you are getting while you ride, no matter what the weather. Glob it on, and it's a good idea to get some with titanium, because that is impermeable and you will never burn- instead you turn kinda violet from the zinc, but it's worth it.

1 of many
rad Bike
Clubs

Butt balm- you can find this at most bike stores, or make yer own! *saves your ass from chafing!*

Chapstick

Oh my gosh, the wind will whip the moisture right out of your lips, you need this shit, really, mine has spf because my lips burn right off.

Your favorite snack

Bring a few of these, to tide you through the rough parts. I swear, Starbucks got me through the ride to Monterey, and if I had my trusty fair trade chocolate bars with me, I would not have felt such an ass for breaking down to feed my sugar addictions through corporate scum.

Water bottles

Go ahead and go over the top with these, you never know when one might fall off and get run over by a truck. Carry a full spare bottle if you're not riding in urban areas, you never know when you could be grumpy, tired, and stranded way far away from water and kick yourself for not bringing more.

First Aid Kit

all I ever have needed was headache meds, calming herbs (rescue remedy or something like that), belly ache stuff (I use tiger balm), rubbing alcohol pads and band-aids.

FOR YOUR BIKE:

Pump- I never remember to bring one, but they are essential.

Patch kit- to fix up most holes so you can reuse your tube

Spare tube- just in case your tube does get shredded beyond repair

Bike lites and rechargeable batteries- fun to put on the blinky lights for a mini-disco party when camping!

Tire irons- gets your tire off the rim of your bike so you can fix the tube inside. Or, fix yer flat with the tire on if you're really snazzy (not me, not like that)

* **Bike Map of Your Route**- really helpful, unless you like to wander, which can be fun and potentially frustrating

Bike Gratitude



Elokin thanks...

♥ my body and privilege for my health and ability

♥ everyone working for gender liberation + justice

♥ the many hands that have crafted my bike, the tool that brings me so much pleasure

♥ everyone working for biker + pedestrian rights + spaces

♥ the folks at wtf! and cycles of change for being a great bike community

↳ www.cyclesofchange.org

♥ Tour de Spat! Bay Area queer biker fun... www.tourdespat.info

♥ my sweetheart and eternal bike mechanic ♥

♥ my friends, for being bike-riding, hiking, walking + talking pals

♥ citycarshare, for the times that i do drive

↳ www.citycarshare.org

♥ Bike C/ub + all the youth i've ridden with

♥ everyone committed to critiquing and taking action to end dependence on oil, and an end to the many wars this country carries out in the name of hate and greed

♥ Bay Area Outdoor Recreation Program - BORP
for creating access to bikes for riders of all abilities

www.borp.org

GET IN TOUCH IF YOU LIVE IN/NEAR BAY AREA + WANT
TO RIDE! ALL LEVELS + ABILITIES WELCOME!



Pamela thanks...



- Jill – whose workshop and zine on bike touring first created the space in which I thought, “hmm, maybe I could do that.”

- Ami, Elokin & Ruby – for organizing my first ever overnight bike ride, one of the bestest birthday gifts ever.

- Ami – for teaching me how to fix my bike, for being patient, for fixing it when I'm not ready to learn yet.

- Ruby – for my first two-night ride, for witnessing my return to yogurt and eggs, for verbalizing friend love.

- Amar – for being a bike diva who must change the world a little each time he moves through it with his gender fantabulous bike.

- R – for my first pair of pink-accented bike gloves, as now I know better what I need to ride comfortably, and all future rides will be smoother because of it.

- Bethany – for our tandem ride around Mackinac Island.

- Mom & Dad – for making sure I had my first bikes, and allowing me the freedom to take off and explore on them.

- Elokin – whose compassionately radical hard femme friendship sprouts change in the least expected gardens.

Resistance
is
Hard Femme

NO BLOOD FOR
TRI FLOW

